Common Interests, Part Four

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Brenda comes to stay in the guest house and we have the place to ourselves.

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The story continues with the departure of Brenda's husband and my wife as well. A house guest with benefits to say the least comes to continue our adventure and cum she does.

Friday rolled around and I made it to work early as usual, Brian dropped off Brenda as usual, yet this time she came in and asked if she could borrow the keys for a minute and put a suitcase and some hung clothing into our SUV. Her husband was now on his way to the southern most part of the state. I smiled at what this could mean, Jane was all in favor of helping them out, she really liked Brenda to work with and knew of our similar struggles over the years. Jane wasn’t scheduled until 1:00, so she was at home doing whatever she does on her mornings off, I'd pick her up on my lunch hour, this time probably with Brenda in tow to drop off her clothes and such. I had already de-winterized the guest house for her arrival so it would be nice and toasty warm when she arrived. The water was turned back on and the heater for it as well for when she needed a bath or shower. It was tough, but we behaved ourselves on the way to my place when we went to pick up Jane, our eyes only feasted on the lover beside us. Not even so much as a touch or kiss to seal what should be a glorious visit. We picked her up and dropped off Brenda's change of clothes and such without a hitch and all went through the drive in to get a bite before returning to the store. The ladies had a nice visit whilst I drove in silence; they needed the bond so that my wife would be comfortable with her staying so close and, unknown to Jane, so very accessible.

I managed to work the balance of my day, chatted with Jane about as much as usual, and stayed clear of my lover for the most part. Though others knew of the arrangement of our departing employee and gave a few quick sidelong glances as if wondering if anything hinky was going on; it didn’t seem so and Jane would be the first to acknowledge it. I clocked out at 4:00 and waited for Brenda to get off a few minutes later, we each bid Jane farewell and walked together to the car, no one the wiser of what I, or we, had planned for the evening. I drove home with my lover at my side,

her eyes hungry as were my own; when we turned off the main highway towards the house I reached over and laid my hand on her shoulder and whispered, "It's a shame this arrangement couldn't be permanent," and smiled a very naughty sultry smile.

She chuckled softly and leaned over, gave me a kiss on the cheek and replied, "I'll settle for whatever I can get, for as long as I can get it," and smiled with equal tease. We got to the driveway and had decided to let me retrieve the cordless phone before we settled her in to the guest house; together. I unlocked the guest house door and handed her the spare key, went to the main house and retrieved the cordless and returned as she finished carrying the first load of her stuff into the bedroom, I grabbed the rest and joined her, tossing it aside onto the arm chair in the corner of the room. "Let me give you the tour of your castle milady," I chanted seductively.

To my dismay, she replied, "Just show me where the bath room is first, I really need to pee," and giggled. I led the way down the short hall and opened the door for her with a sweep of my arm to galanty show the way.

As she entered the bath room I said, "I'll wait right here for you in case you need me Brenda," and chuckled again naughtily.

I heard her from inside the closed room, "I should be okay Jerry, but I will let you know when I'm done. How about a bath before I unpack?"

I shuddered at the offered time to hold her naked body close in soothing warm water and replied, "You got it, I'd be honored to wash your back if you‘d like." I waited quietly in the hall without hearing a reply. I took the opportunity to remove my clothing to be in readiness of her offering, making a pile where I stood. It must have been several minutes later as I stood naked and aroused to a noticeable degree before I heard the water begin to fill the tub and her voice call out to me. I opened the door slowly and saw just as she stepped into the tub, her hair pulled up into a pony tail swaying just above the shoulders, her back so sweetly narrow at the waist, the lush curve of her ass. And even the narrow flattened area of her sweet petals that I could hardly believe would widen to accommodate my girth, yet had was in plain view as she sat down in the tub to await me to undress no doubt. She hadn’t looked back, but would soon find out her lover was more than ready to join her.

I stepped into the room and left the door open, there would be no interruptions except perhaps a phone call and I laid the cordless and my cell phone on the counter to be handy just in case. I spoke softly as I asked, “Would you like front or back babe,” and chuckled as her head turned and saw I was not only naked already but that my manhood had swelled thicker as well. It was by no means hard yet, but it wouldn’t take much provocation to make it so; she giggled as she slid forward to allow me some space.

“I guess,” she began as I placed one foot and then the other into the tub behind her, “I’ll have to be careful how I say things,” and giggled playfully. “What I meant was that I wanted a bath,” and arched her back as she felt my arms close around her waist. Her head lay back against my shoulder and she whispered, “But this is much better anyway,” turned her head to face mine and kissed my jaw tenderly.

I scooped up some of the nicely warm water with each hand and raised it to pour over her chest, watching as it ran seductively over the firm orbs and then was caught as each palm cupped one of her breasts. She cooed softly and whispered, “How did I ever get so lucky to find a man who really knows how to make me feel special?” My lips pressed to her hair as my hands cradled her breasts soothingly. Her nipples grew taught even as each thumb pressed against them, her voice deep and throaty as she spoke again, “Damn it Jerry, I don’t want to move away,” and turned her torso to be half facing mine as our lips met with the loving passions we each felt so deeply.

I whispered my reply, “Brenda, I am the one who has found joys more than I could have ever hoped, you are special, not only because of the great sex, but the bond of friendship we share, the joys of reading the same books, the pleasure of just being around you even when I am tempted to embrace you and can’t.”

I sighed deeply when she confessed she didn’t want to go, didn’t want to leave what we had found, didn’t want to move away. “Baby, we have about two weeks to figure if there is any way for you to stay, or for me to join you. You know I’d go anywhere to be with you; not that I want any of us to be hurt by what we want; what I need so desperately.”

Her heart raced as I clung to her, her breast swelled against my chest, the nipple swelled and taught, as she turned further and pulled my face to meet hers with desperation to feel our bond. “We can’t hurt them Jerry, I’ll have to go, we both know that,” and kissed me hard and deeply as her breaths came in gasps of want and need, as were my own. The heat of our kiss grew as we tangled our tongues and danced the torrid dance of lovers once again and then slowed, mostly my doing as I wanted her to know we didn’t have to rush, our joining of sexual pleasures was not the all of our relationship.

When our lips parted I held her close for another short bit of time, likely only a few seconds, but they were the perfection and bliss of peace. I whispered, “Turn around and let me wash you Bren, I said I would, and kind of think you’ll enjoy it,” and chuckled softly. She turned, and as she did my swollen dick scraped over her buttocks and she squirmed back against it teasingly before settling snugly between my thighs, my knees raised to allow her closeness. I picked up the Ivory soap bar from the holder and pushed her shoulders away from me as her pony tail slipped in front of her shoulder. My

hands scooped water from the partly full tub and allowed it to cascade down from her shoulders over her back. I began rubbing circles of soap onto her shoulders and worked my way to her lower back, my fingers pressing in as if a message more than simple cleansing. Her flesh quivered at my touch, her breaths came in calm soothed draws of air and left her with equal relaxation. She could well have purred as I rubbed and rubbed more over the tensed muscles of her lower back and rendered them loose and totally free of tension.

“Oh Jerry,” she cooed softly, “damn you do that well,” squirmed a bit to force my hands to a particularly tight group at the base of her spine just below the water’s level. Her body fell farther forward and I rubbed, and rubbed more until she was almost face first into the now soapy water drawing the long slow breaths of peace and tranquility.

My body leaned over hers as my hands swept to her shoulders, my abdomen pressed to her back, my chest to her shoulders as I pulled her back by them to feel her slick soapy flesh touch me completely. I lay back in the tub and pulled her with me, her soapy back now lying against my torso felt so delicious; my hand swept water over her chest and began the same actions of her front as she lay reclined onto me. The soap coated her abdomen first, and then with her breast cradled in my palms I whispered into her ear, “You are so perfect Brenda. We just fit so right,” and kissed her just above her ear in the hairline. I rubbed her shoulders and abdomen as well as her tits, though she breathed more heavily as I cradled them in my hands and plied the firm supple flesh more firmly as my desires increased. Cupping water into my hands I rinsed her tummy and the swell of her tits, her nipples now had hardened into firm textured nubs and as I cleaned the soap from them squeezed them gently between thumb and index finger, her head fell back against me as her body joined in the sync of my desire, my cock lay between us coated with soap pulsing against her lower back sent waves of heat through us both.

She rose up and sat, spinning around to face me with her legs draped over mine and scooped up water to rinse my chest and abs, playfully splashing water over the periscope rising from the surface of the water with a giggle. She raised her hands and held her pony tail up as she lowered her lips to surround my cock and swirled her tongue over the crown as my heart’s pulse thudded behind my ears. Her mouth so warm, so wet I hungered for more and found her all but psychic as she lowered her lips farther down the shaft and sucking gently of half of my manly instrument. I only let her have me for a few seconds before I couldn’t wait any longer and pulled her face up to mine. Our mouths crashed together as I pulled her into my lap and settled her over the hardened prong I wanted deep inside her. She groaned and then purred as she allowed herself to lower over it and parted her knees farther to accommodate the invasion. I shook with the heat of my pounding heart’s flow and gasped at the joy of her wet deep well as her mound pressed perfectly against my own. “Oh God Brenda, you feel so good. Stay just like that for a minute and let me relish the joy of our connection,” I said with awed tones of arousal and bliss rolled into one. My cock trembled deep inside her clenching walls,

“uhhhhhhh,” I groaned. She leaned back and our arms locked together, her hands at my elbows and mine at hers as she found her pussy slipping harder over the meaty prong and cooed silently in her own heavenly thoughts. Without even the slightest motion we were escalating to the plateau of erotic perfection, my cock thumping uncontrollably inside her, her muscles rippling along the thick hot meat she reveled in filling her sheath.

After a few minutes the water was beginning to chill, we hadn’t moved since the joyous bliss of connection had come to pass. It was time to move on to other things and she raised up, still straddled my hips and meaty cock, her pussy spasmed around it as she rose to her knees and then feet, my dick plopped against my abdomen as the water level dropped with one less body to fill the space, the sound echoing from the porcelain tiled walls. I reached up and caught her leg as she turned to get out of the tub and leaned up to her mound, a kiss and then taunting lick over the puffy petals of her flower and clit to let her know we had only just begun before releasing her to step out and dry off. She smiled as she dried off, her pussy dripping with either water or nectars, though I felt it likely both. I rose from the tub and took the towel from her to dry her back and butt, she giggled as the fluffy towel touched her intimate and sensitive pussy with a feather’s touch.

I dried myself quickly as she released her hair from the scrunchy she had bound it with, she shook her head and let the wild mane flow free as it fell over her back and shoulders, some of which covered the lush mounds of her tits as she struck an erotic pose before the full length mirror for my benefit; not that I needed any further encouragement. I hung up the towel and took her hands as we faced each other, her smile fully intending to entice me to take her to bed; the cordless phone rang blaringly on the counter and we both jumped as the reality of where we were and what we were doing slammed home.

I lowered her hands and let the phone ring three times before picking it up to confirm the inevitable number on the caller ID; it was, as expected, Jane. “Hello,” I said in as normal a tone as I could muster, “sorry it took me a minute to get to the phone; you were in the wrong end of the house again,” chuckling at the normal response we had shared for several years. Her end of the conversation was routine, she asked how it was going to which I replied, “Not bad, I guess Brenda is settling in, there’s still a light on in the guest house.” She went on to ask if she had said any more about the small house; my reply, “Yeah, I helped get her in and she seemed to really like the living room and I heard her squeal when she saw the bedroom. She even hugged me, but I am sure you can remember how exciting this must be. You can ask her tomorrow, I’m sure she’ll be in bed by the time I come to get you.” So far I had not told a lie, each phrase chosen carefully and succinctly put. Jane was satisfied that I had taken care of our house guest and said she’d see me just after midnight; I said, “I’ll be there, your night going alright?”

“Yeah,” her simple reply, “it’s busy, so the time is going by pretty quick. See ya in a few hours, don’t

be late.”

I chuckled almost silently as I always did at her reminder of the one time about ten years earlier of being late for her time to get off work. Some things are forever held over one’s head. “I’ll be there; on time Jane, you know I will,” and chuckled aloud this time. “See you then, behave yourself,” I said in closing as we each hung up. The whole time I spoke Brenda had picked up a brush that my mother in law had left, it had been cleaned, but it surprised me with her beautiful hair she would take the chance. I shrugged my shoulders and took the brush from her hand as I set the phone back down. I began brushing out the long lustrous hair from behind her as she watched me in the mirror, I know my expression was one of silent awe of her beauty, her nipples still stood erect and waiting to be caressed. I finished brushing her hair and she turned to face me, her skin flawless from head to toe, the sweet curve of her mound coated so perfectly with just the right amount of pubic hair to add to my arousal as my cock revived from the phone call’s interruption.

“Does she know?” Brenda asked quietly. “She’s not stupid, and it’s not like this isn’t a bit of a leap of faith on her part. Tell me the truth; do you think she knows about us?”

I knew her question was serious, but for the life of me I could hardly respond. “I don’t think so, she can be a real witch when she gets mad, and I’m pretty sure she’d be really pissed off if she even had an inkling of what we’ve done, much less invite you to be our guest and so accessible if there was anything going on. Neh, she doesn’t know.”

“I hope not, I really don’t want her to get hurt, or Brian, or even you and me, for that matter,” she said as her eyes welled with threatening tears.

I stepped up to her and wrapped my arms around her waist; our moods had changed with the simple reminder of our infidelity and adulterous acts. I kissed away the tears that had flowed from her eyes and then the side of her head as I nuzzled against her neck and held her close, our bared bodies now numb from the inopportune call. “Let’s get you ready for bed Brenda, even if we don’t make love I want to tuck you in it’s the least a good host can do for a guest.” We walked, my arm still around her waist, to the bed room, it was kind of small like the entire guest house, but it did have a really nice four poster bed, full size and decorated with soothing hues of golden amber and pale, pale yellow. : My mother in laws choices, of course. “Do you like to sleep in the nude Brenda,” I asked hopefully.

Her eyes changed; the chill of the phone call waning quickly as we stood beside the beauty of the bed naked and alone. They welled with tears, but this time sparkled with a familiar wanting need. I leaned over and pulled the comforter back and then the blanket and sheet, her hand slid over my back and I felt the surge of blood filling my member again, the fright of the call all but forgotten, for now. As I stood back up her arms surrounded me from behind, her hands slipping over me with temptation’s

touch, one hand cradled my sack, the other grasping the swelling shaft and stroking its length from base to crown and back again. I felt her lips press to my spine and I shivered; my hands slipping behind me to cup the small of her back and pull her tighter against my naked, heated flesh. “I want us to make love Jerry,” she pleaded with a sorrowful tone. How could I refuse to bring back the smile she so deserved.

I turned in her arms and wrapped her in my own, we melted together as our lips met with the growing embers of heat we shared so well and I swept her into my cradling arms, setting her onto the bed. I followed her body down, our lips still connected. Heated, enthralled, fulfilling as my hand traced over throat, collar bone and then to her breast and hard eager nipple. Her body quivered as all else was forgotten. My mouth moved down to her throat and then shoulder as my hand caressed her tits, one and then the other. My lips followed suit and kissed every inch of her breasts and then suckled her nipples seductively as one hand wandered lower along her tummy and slid into the sultry curls of her pubic hair. She groaned and then gasped as two fingers curled into the moist flower of her womanhood, gently parting the labia and plying the inner flesh with the persuasive flourish of my fingertips. As my mouth traversed the same path that my hand just had and kissed her mound tauntingly I felt her hand curl around my dick and begin the long slow strokes that would arouse me beyond any thoughts other than our joining. Her scent was full and ripe, it wafted into my nostrils taunting me further towards our common need and bond; slowly I seduced her womanhood to boil with nectars even before my lips pursed to kiss the puffy swollen petals surrounding the haven I sought.

Her flesh pulled away as my fingers plied her inner labia, the protective hood of her clitoris withdrew and revealed the swollen bud that would arouse her to commanding levels, we both knew it well and I would use whatever means I could to feel her glorious climax again and again, as she would to bring my onslaught of thunder and the filling seed she craved more often with each new time shared or encounter found. My tongue swiped over the engorged nubbin and she gasped as her hips rose trembling to meet my advance, it trailed into the sweet inner flower and she gave forth the first of the honey sweet juice I sought within seconds, her flavor even more hearty than I recalled, she was stirred more with each time we joined as one in love and passion.

Her hand pulled anxiously at my manhood and I too groaned, she knew just how much I could take before she would find my climax and ejaculation at hand and held me at bay giving only enough to torture me with pleasure. Her hand cupped the head and squeezed her fingers around it hard to force my need to pause and whispered in panting breaths, “Let me suck you while you eat me Jerry,” and pulled my dick to have it closer. I slid onto the bed I had remained standing beside and laid on my side to give her access and her wish. Her breath hot, her lips soft velvet on the heated eager flesh, her mouth filled with spittle to lubricate the member she would consume. I could not withdraw and pushed my opened mouth into her petals and stabbed into her sheath with a pointed tongue that

forced her to cry out as it swept over the g-spot within. The vibration of her enchantment sent my blood to boiling as well and I cried out into the haven of her wiles. Her back arched to receive my throbbing tongue as it stabbed time and again over the textured patch of her most erotic inner spot, her mouth open to engulf all she could of my manly intruder. She swallowed half and began sucking harder as the thick prong pulsed within her throat, her cheeks contracting with the delicious vacuum she prevailed upon my full throbbing member. Her mouth withdrew and she gasped in a breath as my fingers played over her groin from the outer flesh of her pussy to the tight muscle of her anus, her body contracted as a finger pressed against the sensitive sphincter and entered the forbidden crevasse to the first joint. A surge of juicy nectar flooded her channel and my mouth as her voice cried out even louder than before, this time only my name understandable. I withdrew the offending digit and moved enough to lap at the tight circle to sooth it; her body lunged at my lips and tongue; with clenched muscles she forced her cheeks to part and allowed me to take the domain we had not yet shared.

With both hands I pulled her cheeks apart and lapped over the tender muscle as she returned to engulf my cock once again into her throat. My tongue stabbed into her ass and she groaned with intense pleasure, my beard scrubbing against her clit and petals furthering her arousal. I focused my attention fully on giving and not receiving joy; this calmed my need to ejaculate as she sucked in an attempt to drain me but would not for now. Soon her mouth again fell away from the velvet steel of my meaty tool as she laid gasping in utter joy at my invasive probe stealing in to her virginal ass's wants; a full inch of my tongue stabbed in and out viciously as her pussy gave forth the evidence of pleasured arousal, but not full blown climax. I turned my frame to have more control of her lower body and she allowed me between her thighs, my face still fully entrenched in her groin, lapping nibbling, and suckling on every inch of her womanhood. "Oh God Jerry," she moaned as her thunder drew nearer with each time my tongue stole her anal cavity's entrance, her taste robust, her nectars filling the cavity with her own pleasure juice as my tendril forced it into the now relaxing muscle.

"I want to know you there," she said breathily as my head rose above her soaked mound and flower. Her hips rose as she dug in her heels to allow me any wish I might have.

I rose up and pulled a pillow under her hips and knelt between her sweat coated thighs. I looked into her eyes, all but closed with the erotic fulfillment of our newest adventure, she opened them long enough to nod approvingly as her heart raced and breaths came in stuttering gasps of need. I lowered my hips and pushed the crown of my wide cock to her anus; she whimpered and yet pushed her hips to meet my advance. Harder I pressed against the tight muscle and harder she returned the pressure to have me find her back door open and inviting. The head slipped in and she screamed in the perfection of pain and pleasure, the cavity wet with spittle and nectars allowed me to slip in deeper as her body convulsed with orgasm at once. "Shh," I whispered, "I want you to know my all here as much as you have in the haven of your vagina. Slow baby, nice and easy," I cooed as I pulled

and pushed ever so gently to invade the forbidden cavity. Half of the thick shaft now stroked in and out as my fingers plied her clit and channel with gentle caress, she came again with a flood and screamed my name with passions she thought impossible; my cock slid deeper and she continued to cum with wave after wave of nectar slicking the shaft below. I lifted her knees and pushed in to the hilt and our bodies shook with the intensity of her grip upon the broad two inch think cock she now held where no man had dared go before.

I stilled my hips as hers rose and fell to let the shaft slide minimally at her pace in and out of her cavity, her gasps matched my own as arousal overtook my control. I slid two fingers into her pussy and she again screamed out her pleasure as my fingertips plied over the textures of her g-spot. Her body went silent as the orgasms peaked to a crescendo of unbelievable proportion; I held my self deep within her and reveled in the muscles she availed my shaft, three fingers invading her pussy as her eyes rolled back and her body fell numb to the onslaught of perfect glory. I gently pulled from her anus and felt the cool air caress the heated flesh that had lain in her hottest chamber. Grasping it with my right hand as my left filled her pussy with eager plunges I masturbated over her until I saw her eyes open and only then shot my stream of lava hot cum over her belly and chest. Her hand was shaky as it rose but she too gripped my cock and helped to jack me off as again a steam of semen coated her chest. She collapsed, her head falling to the bedding below it; I guessed she had found the triumphant completion she had sought. Her legs lay splayed around my knees motionless, her body all but numb and unconscious from the trials of such intense pleasures and pain. I watched as her chest rose and fell with quivering muscles and moves, her titillating breasts so perfect to see, her mouth open to get enough air, her narrow groin now laid bare and devoid of any possible modesty to my gaze. My cock shriveled quickly after the massive ejaculation that had erupted over her flesh. As my own breathing came to a semblance of normal I looked at my watch, it was 8:30, we had done nicely for each other for another 3 plus hour encounter and fully sated each other yet again.

I rose from the bed and walked to the bath room on shaky legs, retrieved a moist warm wash cloth and returned. I swiped the dripping semen from her belly, tits and neck as she lay just as I had left her; a stilled and satisfied woman if there ever was one. She murmured softly as she rested and I rose again to go and shower before I had to leave. To leave her there alone was such a travesty of justice, we were made for each other, perfectly in sync, harmonious in need and want; we belonged together no matter what laws or moral values were placed upon us. I dressed and leaned over Brenda’s all but lifeless body, soundly, sweetly asleep in the bliss of pure erotic pleasures found. I kissed her cheek and she stirred enough to open her eyes, glistening with love at least of our bond. “I have to go Bren, she’ll expect me to have done chores as usual and we can’t risk her thinking any thing about them not getting done. I love you sweet heart,” I murmured as I again kissed her cheek.

“I love you too Jerry. I’d help you with those chores, but I don’t think I can move,” and chuckled softly as her hand rose to cup my jaw tenderly.

“That’s okay baby, rest, tomorrow she leaves for Georgia and we’ll have the run of the place for a few days. I’ll let you help me however your little heart desires,” and laughed naughtily as I rose to leave.

“Jerry,” she cooed as I looked down for my last gaze of the day, “I do love you, you know.” Her smile was completely sincere as I blew her a kiss and walked from the bedroom, guest house and to my own prison. Or so it felt any more.

I took care of two loads of wash and swept and mopped the floors before it was time to go, I even took a few minutes to check my emails and the status of comments on a story or two that folks still seemed interested enough to read. I had alluded to the one Brenda and I shared, but so far she had not read any of it. I hoped in time it would commemorate our perfect affair for us both.

I went back in to town at midnight and found Jane almost done with her duties. I waited in the break room and watched late night TV silently recalling the wonders of the most perfect of house guests I had ever known. She came in and said it was time to go; she had to be up at 4:30 when her mother arrived to take them both east to our daughter’s home in Georgia 750 miles away. We rode home with only small talk and she reminded me of our responsibility to our guest, “Jerry, remember, she’s a guest, but she can take care of the guest house herself. You don’t need to be over there all the time visiting or anything.”

My reply was simple and direct, “I don’t plan on helping her with any cleaning duties Jane, she’s a full grown woman with a husband. I’m sure she is capable of doing that stuff all by herself. I will say that odds are we’ll likely eat together though, it would be silly otherwise and you know I have to take her to and from work.”

“Yeah,” she said with a tone a bit on the uneasy side, “Just be careful Jerry, we haven’t been doing it in a long time and she’s a very pretty girl. I know how tempting it could be if she seemed to need something more than a roof over her head.”

My jaw dropped open, I covered my awe with a blunt comment, “Jane, you know better than that; she’s married. And beside, I am old enough to be her dad, maybe even grandfather. Enough said.”

“I know Jerry, but just remember what I said.”

Her commentary scared me, I was sure she didn’t know and was only being cautious where Brenda was concerned, but still it was amazing how intuitive my wife could be. We pulled up in the drive way and the automatic light came on as usual, all else was dark, the guest house included. We went inside and Jane got ready for bed, she would need all the rest she could get since she would do most

of the driving as she and her mother took the long drive in a single day. I made sure her cell phone was on charge and helped her pack the rest of her things that hadn't already been taken care of.

I awoke at 3:00 A.M. to help get Jane on the road; her mom was right on time at 4:45. I waved farewell and wished them a safe and enjoyable visit with my younger daughter and two of my five grandkids. They were soon history for a few days. There's one thing really nice about the technologies of today, by 5:30 I had logged on and tracked Jane's cell phone location, they were already well into the next state. It was time to go to the guest house.

Unlocking the door with my own key I walked in like I owned the place, which in fact I did and do. The house was quiet and dark even though the signs of morning were thinking about gathering in the eastern sky. I went down the short hall and looked in; Brenda was laid out, looking very much asleep. I knew she wasn't scheduled until noon, so we'd have the whole morning to enjoy each other's uninterrupted company if we chose to; I had the day off. I walked quietly over to the bedside and pulled the covers back enough to know she had indeed slept in the buff, her skin shown sweetly in the dim of what little light came in through the eastern facing bedroom window. She stirred a little bit and I stood silently waiting to see if she would awaken, I could hope she'd invite me to bed. She rolled onto her side with her back to me, but to me that was invitation enough as I shed my garments.

I slid into the bed behind her and spooned against her warm sweet body, we fit so perfectly it was amazing. My arm laid over her ribs as my chest pressed lightly against her back. My hips fit just right around the firm buttocks I had taken advantage of the night before and I found myself stirred by the simple contact of her flesh and mine. Her body stirred and pushed back against mine as she cooed sleepily to welcome me, "Morning baby, can we cuddle for a little while?'

I whispered back to her just above her ear, "Yeah Brenda, I'd like that," and kissed her lobe as I settled against her and cupped her breast gently in my palm. She darned near purred as she felt my warm hand support her tit and sighed at the pleasant feelings of our closeness. I fell into a warm pleasant slumber nestled against my friend and lover and slept for a couple hours without moving the slightest save for the pulse that seemed never ending as it thrummed into the member we both seemed to revel in burying inside her.